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Class Songs.

[The following songs were written for a social festival of the Harvard Class of 1832, which took place at the Parker House, on the evening of Oct. 31, 1866. They are both by our old friend and class-mate, the Rev. CHARLES T. BROOKS, of Newport, R. I., who returned a few weeks since from Europe.]

I.

Across the deep, where surges roared,
Unconsciously I flew,
To greet around this festive board
The Class of '32.
The Class of '32, my boys,
The Class of '32;
In memory to live o'er the joys
Of dear old '32.

Full many a sea we all have crossed,
And tempests, not a few,
Of joy and grief our hearts have tossed
Since long gone '32.
Since long gone '32, my boys—
Since long gone '32;
But memory hears through all the noise
The song of '32.

Our ranks are thinned, and thinned our hairs,
But still our hearts are true
To youthful friendships, vows and prayers
That cling round '32.
That cling round '32, my boys,
That cling round '32;
And time forever with the joys
Of the Class of '32.

Earth runs her round, and years their race,
Old scenes give place to new,
But new ones ne'er can take the place
Of the friends of '32.
The friends of '32, my boys,
The friends of '32;
Memory alone repeats the joys
Of the Class of '32.

But Memory in her magic land,
Beneath her cloudless blue,
Still keeps in one unbroken band
The Class of '32.
The Class of '32, my boys,
The Class of '32—
In one unbroken chain the joys
Of the Class of '32.

Then each to each pass on, my friends,
The hand I stretch to you;
We're one till time and memory ends
The boys of '32.
Of dear old '32, my boys,
Of dear old '32,
Till lost in heaven all earthly joys
Will live in '32.

II.

We've come to the end of October,
'Mid falling and fading of leaves,
When mortals are wont to be sober,
And Memory garners her sheaves.
From fields where, in all sorts of weather,
We've labored in sun and in storm,
To-night we are gathered together,
Where the home-light of friendship shines warm.

We see in the fire-light the faces
Of them who are with us no more;
They rise up to take their old places,
And we live the old summer days o'er.

While the envious Fates hold the spindle,
And wind off and snip off the thread,
We close up our ranks as they dwindle,
And tenderly think of our dead,

Triumphantly think of the greatness
And goodness that watches o'er all,
Brings in the last fruits in their lateness,
And notes the pale leaves in their fall—

Of the Love that looks pitying our sorrow,
Of the Mercy that grieves over sin,
Of the Hope that foretells that bright morrow
When God's flock shall be all gathered in.

Otto Nicolai.

(Continued from page 331)

Nicolai's serious determination of setting to work, on his return to Vienna, at his proposed opera, prolonged a stubborn illness. Tired of searching in vain the Spanish and Italian dramatists, and of his fruitless poetic labors that were the result, he fell back again on Shakespeare and his *Merry Wives of Windsor*, which had excited his musical sense of humor when he was in Italy. Fortune, from the outset, favored this notion of his, by enabling him at once to gain the services of that excellent author, H. S. Mosenthal, in carrying out his plan. Mosenthal undertook with zeal and skill the poetical part of the book, according to a scheme of the different pieces and scenes drawn up by the composer, and, also, the task of working out the intermediate dialogue. In introducing the latter, instead of the recitative usual at the Imperial Operahouse, Nicolai had in view a project of reform. Holding, as he did, and, as he once stated, by the way, in an article in the *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung*, to which we shall return in the course of our notice, that dialogue was indispensable to comic opera, he wanted to accustom the singers at the establishment in question, "who," as he once jokingly observed, "could only sing and not speak," to deliver it, for Vienna was the place where he intended, while he was composing it, that this German comic opera should be first produced. But fate, which only too often most capriciously plays at battledore and shuttlecock with men and their purposes, deranged the plan. The opera was not produced at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, until 1852, when its worth had been already recognized and appreciated everywhere else; nor was fate satisfied even with this, for what Nicolai wished to avoid was done: *Die lustigen Weiber* was given with the dialogues turned into musical recitatives by Proch.

But the mention of this re-modelling of the opera anticipates the proper succession of events in our sketch, though, when we go back to the latter part of the year 1844, we have only to repeat what is already known, namely, that Nicolai's direction was attended with the most beneficial result to the Opera and the newly-instituted Philharmonic Concerts. The latter, for the winter of 1844-45, began on the 27th October, 1844, with a performance of Mozart's Symphony in E flat major, and Beethoven's complete music to *Egmont*. But Nicolai's example exercised an animating effect, also, upon other musical societies, and thus was of advantage in promoting the musical feeling of the capital. For instance the Concerts Spirituels of the Association for Sacred Music awoke from a long period of drowsy indo-

lence to new energy, as evidenced by Soirées prompted by better taste, by the distribution of prizes, etc. What more gratifying mark of their gratitude could the managers of these concerts offer him who indirectly urged them on, than by performing, in March, 1845, the sonorous Third Psalm, composed by Nicolai for contralto, when we bear in mind that the said concerts were especially devoted to Roman Catholic church music?

At this period, Nicolai, as a rule, devoted his attention, and love of composition, to sacred song, either because he was really preparing himself for the post in the Berlin Cathedral Choir, a post which the Intendant General, Count von Redern, acting on orders from the highest quarter, even now offered him in his letters, or because he again felt a liking for this branch of composition. So much is certain: he was already regarded in Berlin as the selected successor of Mendelssohn, a fact which induced the second conductor, E. Grell, to send in his resignation, and to give up his situation to S. W. Deln, the celebrated musical scholar.

Profane musical lyrics, also, found a worshipper in Nicolai. He collected a number of lyrical effusions, some written during his first stay in Berlin, and others in Italy and Vienna, and gave them the form of twelve album-pages, which Mechetti published. Among these, we would direct attention to the songs set to words by Shakespeare; the deeply feeling song, in the popular style, "Der g'treue Bub," "Addio," and "Un Mot," both for two voices. Another number of four songs, from the 16th and 17th century, breathing the same pithy humor which pervades *Die lustigen Weiber*, was published, as Op. 35, by Schuberth, Hamburg. The beautiful song: "Waldeinwärts flog ein Vöglein," was so popular at this period, that it was to be heard everywhere; in the drawing-rooms of the nobility, at concerts, and in the rooms of simple members of the middle classes. In the summer of 1845, also, he set about composing a Symphony. It was first performed on the 30th November of the same year.

We might have mentioned sooner that, though, on account of his situation and musical tendencies, not without enemies,* Nicolai led at Vienna a very agreeable private life, associating with high families and select friends; for his taking qualities as an artist had rendered him very popular, so that, in all these respects, "beloved" Vienna must have become indispensable to, or, at least, not to be forgotten by him. It is true that other matters acted as a counterpoise to such an agreeable state of things, nay, they soon absolutely weighed it down, the consequence being that he ended by giving up, with a light heart, his apparently splendid position as a first *Capellmeister*, and accepted a seemingly subordinate post in Berlin. To these matters, which moved him deeply, and, on account of his continued indisposition, affected him more than they otherwise would have done, must be added, besides the defection from his interest of a friend of many years' standing, a serious difference with the Philharmonic Society, which he had established. Rendered arrogant by their rapid success, the members wanted to introduce into their statutes certain paragraphs which, in Nicolai's opinion, were derogatory to him as their director, and against which he felt bound to protest most emphatically. This dispute began not very promisingly the April of 1845, and even the peace brought about by other influences was but a sorry one, and could not rightly satisfy either party.

* At Königsberg, also, his more appearance made enemies of Bümann, the Musical Director of the University, and Bobrowski, Conductor of the Singacademie.

Combined with these calamities was the manner in which the Royal Operahouse was managed, as we briefly explained elsewhere. This began to prove so oppressive to the German master, that he resolved to lay down his *Capellmeister's* stick, as far back as the 1st July, 1845. His resolution went the round of all the papers, and it was only on the pressing representations of certain high personages and of his own friends, that he temporarily abandoned it, in order to accept a new and more advantageous engagement up to April 1st, 1847. The reader must know that the Italian Opera, thanks to its really unrivalled resources, enjoyed well-merited patronage. Ballochino, the lessee of the German Opera, not being able to compete with it in the remotest degree as far as his vocalists were concerned, instead of trying to succeed by the excellence of his German repertory, endeavored to do so by producing in German all the operas which have proved hits during the Italian season, a course which served only to render more apparent the deficiency of his own establishment. This one-sided system was even extended so far that, for one whole year, there was not a single German novelty, but only four or five old masterpieces, the other operas being Italian ones translated into German. The want of vocalists was, for instance, made strikingly evident when, in 1845, Wild, an artist sixty years old, was engaged for thirty performances as first tenor. But it was not only Italian Opera which was thus favored. The officials, also, were selected in preference from Italians, and the theatre-lists of that period afford a perfectly model corroboration of this. Nicolai's position grew still more oppressive when Herr Pokorny, manager of the Theater an der Wien, supported by patronage from the highest quarter, and possessing energy and money, began to offer the public what they sought in vain at the Imperial Operahouse: admirable singers, with whom were associated the greatest celebrities in Europe, if only as "stars," and an excellent operatic repertory. The result of this happy system was that, during the German season, the attendance of the public at the Kärnthnerthor Theater fell to a minimum, while that at the Theater an der Wien went up, till it reached an unexampled height, when the management, at an immense expense, succeeded in producing *Vienna* under Meyerbeer's own direction, and with Jenny Lind as the heroine. Nicolai felt very well what a most subordinate position he occupied, despite his dignity as Imperial *Capellmeister*, in the world of music, when opposed by such vigorous efforts, and, though he continued in his situation, all these circumstances, against which he struggled in vain, had a bad effect upon him, for he was already in an irritable state, which was manifested by continuous indisposition and a moroseness of manner that even estranged from him most of his friends. As a rule, he recovered his repose of mind in the open air, and, for this reason, he was fond of making trips in the neighborhood of Vienna, and holiday excursions, when he was certainly the happiest and most amiable of men. During one of these trips, in July, 1845, he visited the baths of Mehadia, in Hungary, and even entered Turkish territory near Belgrade.

This period was, by the bye, not favorable to Nicolai's efforts in the way of publishing, for, exclusive of the three *Pianoforte* Pieces, Op. 40, published by Diabelli in October, 1846, only two or three numbers of compositions of his appeared during his life-time. On the other hand, he devoted himself, it is true, to dramatic composition, above all to his *Lustige Weiber*, with the resolution and energy which distinguished him throughout the whole of his artistic career, and which were then only increased by unfavorable circumstances. "The industry," S. Kapper informs us, "with which he used to work at anything he had begun, was truly gigantic, nay, it might almost be termed killing. One piece after another was forwarded in the form of a first sketch to Mosenenthal, who resided, during the summer, in the country near Vienna, and was scarcely sent back before it was taken in hand. Little thought was given to rest and recreation. A grave malady, which threatened to destroy prematurely his by

no means vigorous organism, was scarcely allowed to procure him a temporary pause. In return for this, however, the composer experienced the delight of seeing a work, into which he had thrown his whole heart and soul, created, as it were, in one piece."

But before this opera was completed, *Il Tempelario*, in Kapper's German version, already mentioned, was produced on the 20th December, 1845, as *Der Tempelritter*, but could not compete with *Die Heimkehr des Verbannten*, which was still a favorite opera with the public; nay, the fresh musical additions, resulting from the new tendencies of the composer, were generally regarded as disturbing the unity and character of the work. The critics praised the interesting and effective instrumentation, and the great skill displayed in the management of the vocal parts, but they dwelt, and not very indulgently either, on the absence of originality, as shown not only in imitation of melodies, but also in that of foreign forms.

This kind of success could not enable the opera to retain its place in the repertory, and to Nicolai's dissatisfaction at the really oppressive state of affairs already explained, was now added affronted vanity, a feeling that again impelled him to leave Vienna, and it was only the urgent representations made from high quarters which prevented his doing so at once.

But Nicolai felt very well that the existing circumstances impeded even the best intentioned efforts, and was firmly resolved to seize the first favorable opportunity for hastening to Berlin, where the post placed at his disposal by the Royal favor still beckoned to him and pointed to the Cathedral Choir, to which he had sent the Liturgy composed by him at the desire of the King for the whole Established Church of Prussia, and which is still regularly performed on Good Friday.

He continued to work diligently at *Die lustigen Weiber*; devoted the most zealous attention to the Philharmonic Concerts, and, moreover, undertook to direct provisionally the Concerts Spirituels, the success of which he aided most materially. But he was not to remain much longer. Rightly or wrongly, he considered himself not properly appreciated, and again tendered his resignation, which was at length accepted. On the 1st April, 1847, he retired from his post. After the negotiations with Conradin Kreutzer came to nothing, he was succeeded by Heinrich Esser, previously conductor of the Mayence "Liedertafel."

Nicolai at first made some short trips for the benefit of his health, but always returned to Vienna; it seemed as though he could not tear himself from the beautiful Imperial city. The post of director of the Conservatory was offered him; the state of his health, however, required absolute repose. In September, 1847, he went to Gräfenberg—and never beheld Vienna again.

Nicolai returned soon afterwards to Berlin, where the state of musical matters, contrary to that at Vienna in 1841, was highly satisfactory, a circumstance due more especially to the presence and efforts of Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer. The Royal Orchestra, the Opera, and the Cathedral Choir had become institutions of the first rank, requiring only a continuance of fostering care to extend their beneficial influence, aided, as they were, by the serious tendencies previously existing among the public. Nicolai contemplated with delight art-efforts which agreed so well with his own ideas, while to the invitations of his old Vienna friends, Th. Kullak, Kraus, Mme. Herrenburg, and others, was added once more an offer from the King for him to accept, as Mendelssohn's successor, the post of conductor of the Cathedral Choir, with the assurance of his future appointment as *Capellmeister* of the Royal Orchestra. All this induced him to fix his permanent professional residence in Berlin. Having previously demonstrated in Vienna his eminent talent for conducting bodies of instrumentalists, he was now attracted by the notion of being connected with a vocal choir, to which was to be given the closest similarity with the Sistine Chapel at Rome, which he so enthusiastically ad-

mired. The opportunity was one enabling him to turn to account, as completely as successfully, the experience and knowledge he had gained in the Eternal City.

The very first important performance of the Cathedral Choir, under Nicolai's direction, on the 24th Sept., 1848, to consecrate the recently erected "Friedenskirche," at Sanssouci, when a new Liturgy and a Psalm by him were executed, perfectly satisfied the Royal personages and other high connoisseurs present. The consequence was that the King invited him to the Royal table, and expressed in the most flattering terms his appreciation of the performance.

Thus was Nicolai restored to Berlin and his native country. He devoted himself to the exigencies of his new position, as well as to the formation of singing-schools, with the zeal, punctuality, and scrupulous attention which actuated him in all he undertook. Considering that Berlin was not particularly distinguished in the matter of vocal instruction, and that there, as elsewhere, students were compelled to go abroad for lessons, it was a pardonable piece of self-esteem on his part to look upon himself as possessing a more decided vocation than any other singing-master, for but very few were as well acquainted as he was with the human voice and its capabilities. Besides this, he had, also, himself gone through a comprehensive course of vocal instruction.

Conducted by him, and following his principles, the Cathedral Choir soon made unexpected progress, while the amiability Nicolai displayed in the midst of all his artistic earnestness and energy, caused the reforms which he at once commenced to be received with readiness. Many of his then pupils in the Choir, still retain a pleasant recollection of the little light-haired man, nearly always in a good humor, who, most carefully dressed, and wearing the patent leather boots, with red shanks, of which he was particularly fond, sat cross-legged at the piano and gave his lessons.

The results the new and talented director obtained were, from the very outset, of the most surprising character, and confirmed so strongly the good feeling which the King had always evinced towards him, that, one day, when the fact of the Royal Orchestra being conducted by the *Capellmeister* Henning, then growing rather old, happened to be discussed, the King expressed a wish that Herr Henning should be pensioned, and that his post, also, should be conferred on the deserving Nicolai. The King's wish was, naturally, a command for his subject, and so, in December, 1847, it was announced to the members of the Royal Orchestra that, with the retirement of Henning at the commencement of the New Year, they would have to look upon Nicolai as their new chief.*

This was another of the short periods during which Nicolai felt quite comfortable and happy in his sphere of action. Nay, for some time previously, material life had asserted its claims. In obedience to them he sacrificed on the altar of mundane amusements, and went to a masked ball given on New Year's Eve at Mielentz's Rooms. He had never been indifferent to the daughters of Eve, especially to such as were handsome and well-formed, and he was soon upon the track of two pretty little creatures. The latter availed themselves to the utmost of the freedom they enjoyed by virtue of their masks, and, still more captivated, our domino was soon entangled in their nets. At last, he boldly joined the society of his two charmers, who had taken their seats next a male mask, to whom they appeared to belong. This individual, perceiving that there were no signs of Nicolai's discontinuing his attentions, enquired whom he had the honor of possessing for a neighbor. Nicolai, unmasking, replied: "The Royal *Capellmeister* Nicolai." "And I," answered his questioner, also unmasking, "am D., violoncellist in the Royal Orchestra."—"Mal-edetto!" exclaimed Nicolai, starting up in comic

* According to his receipt books of the period, his monthly income amounted in consequence to 165 2-3 thalers. We must recollect, however, that this sum was materially diminished by the pensions regularly paid to his father, mother, and sister.

despair, "I call it rather hard for a man to compromise himself with his subordinate!" Of course the incident did not prevent the little party from spending the rest of the evening together very pleasantly.*

The new *Capellmeister* entered upon his additional duties for the first time at a Court Soirée, which he conducted, on the 27th January, 1848; and in which the celebrated Violoncellist Batta, as well as the incomparable Viardot Garcia also took part. The latter sang, with Mlle. Tuczeck, the first duet from *Die lustigen Weiber*. The King, who was excessively pleased with this admirable and characteristic composition, expressed a wish to see an opera by Nicolai at the Royal Operahouse; but the realization of this wish was deferred for some time, principally because the political storms of 1848, which threatened to undermine the throne itself, caused it to be forgotten.

At last, on the evening of the 12th March, when the audience was not what could be termed a very numerous one, for the minds of the multitude were already excited by revolutionary ideas, Nicolai took his position for the first time at the Conductor's desk of the Royal Operahouse, to conduct the performance of Spontini's *Vestalin*. All the papers expressed great satisfaction at his debut, and even H. Krüger, the zealous admirer of Spontini, and a stern critic of the manner in which his works were represented, said in No. 3 of the *Blätter für Musik*, for 1848:

"The *Capellmeister*, Herr Nicolai, entered upon his new and difficult position, by conducting this opera" (*Die Vestalin*) "and, up to the present time, we can speak only in terms of praise, of the care, energy, and penetration he has exhibited."

In the midst of the political tumult, Nicolai played merely the part of a spectator; he advocated progress achieved in conformity with the law. On the other hand, however, he was always active whenever it was requisite to introduce any change in the affairs and institutions of art. Unfortunately, death set a limit to his efforts; had he lived, his energy would have effected much which still remains to be done.

(Conclusion next time.)

* Communicated orally by the gentleman concerned.

[From the Evening Post, March 9th, 1866].

American Pianos.

The Piano Forte has kept steadily on in the march of improvement, hand in hand with time. It has grown from a very small box with very limited resources to a full grown instrument of great power, brilliancy and beauty. It has undergone no wonderful revolution in form, no radical change in principle, but the one has been added to and the other modified by experiment and experience.

The name of Chickering has been associated with the manufacture of Pianos for nearly fifty years. Jonas Chickering was one of the pioneers in the business, and his early success offered the first effectual check to the large importation of Piano Fortes from Europe. At that period, and for many years after, the demand for Pianos was very limited, so that as one after another manufacturer sprung up, following at a distance the lead of Chickering, it became possible to supply the home demand by home manufacture, and the public, at length believing in the sterling excellence of the American product, ceased to order from abroad, and the business of importing Pianos died out, it being impossible to pursue it with profit.

For upwards of forty years the house of Chickering & Sons has been the foremost house in America, its business doubling that of any other maker, and throughout the whole length and breadth of the country the name of "Chickering, Boston," was a talisman and a guaranty, which has penetrated into thousands of American homes, and was then as much a household word in proportion as it is this day, where its thirty thousand Pianos are forever vocalizing the simple words "Chickering, Boston."

To Chickering & Sons the modern Piano is indebted for its most important improvements. The entire iron frame was first used by Chickering and Sons, and was exhibited by them at the first great International Exhibition in London, where it created a profound excitement, receiving the first medal ever awarded to an American Piano Forte manufacturer, and the approval of all the eminent makers of Europe who afterwards adopted the principle; thus giving use to the expression "manufactured after the American plan."

Chickering and Sons first introduced the "circular scale," from which springs all the present excellence of the American piano. The adoption of this scale, which the Chickering's generously left unprotected for the benefit of the whole trade, has given to the piano depth, power, and beauty of quality of tone; in short, it has opened the way for the splendid qualities which distinguish the piano of to-day from the piano of fifteen years ago.

The immense business done by Chickering & Sons necessitated manufacturing facilities in proportion, and led to the erection of their model extensive and splendid manufactory in Boston, which is the largest in the world, and has been imitated on a smaller scale by other manufacturers in this country; although much of their wonderful labor-saving machinery, the invention of the Chickering's themselves, cannot be imitated, and is therefore not to be found elsewhere.

The Piano Forte Manufactory of Messrs. Chickering & Sons, Boston, is unquestionably the most perfect and extensive piano manufactory in the world. Considered in this light alone, it is an object of attraction, ornament and pride for our country; but its general interest is doubly heightened by the reflection that its magnitude indicates the rapidly-increasing culture of the "divine art" in this country.

The gigantic structure was put under contract May 16th, 1853. The premises comprise an entire square of 206,000 feet, or about five acres, situated on the westerly side of Tremont, between Camden and Northampton streets.

The whole of this grand building is devoted exclusively to the manufacture of Pianos, and all the interior arrangements for the business are on a scale to correspond with what has already been described. The rough stock is taken in at the lower door, in one wing, and passing up this wing, through the main building, and down the other wing, is delivered in the warehouses finished—so that, almost literally, "forests enter at one end of the building, and come out perfect pianos at the other."

Formerly great European pianists who visited this country brought their special favorite instruments with them, not supposing that they could be supplied with a fitting instrument here. Now the European reputation of the Chickering Grand Pianos is so widely established by the concurrent opinions of Thalberg, De Meyer, Strakosch, Wallace, Benedict, Goldschmidt, Gottschalk, Hoffman, Wehli, and other artists, and by the great English, French, German and Italian testimonials (continually being received from the most celebrated pianists and piano manufacturers of Europe), that the Chickering Grands are now used in their concerts in America, by nearly all of the distinguished artists of the Piano who visit us.

All the Chickering Pianos have a characteristic tone which distinguishes them from all others. It is delicate and refined, and may be described as a perfection of quality as distinguished from quantity, or coarse loudness. The uncultivated ear is at once attracted by a big tone. In music, as in literature, the uneducated generally prefer sound to sense; but this big tone, though very attractive at first, speedily becomes wiry and harsh, because in the beginning it was deficient in quality, and its freshness once gone, it has nothing left but noise: while the tone which is based upon the purity of quality improves for several years, then remains stationary, and never wholly deteriorates, as can be shown by instruments still extant manufactured by Jonas Chickering forty years ago.

The house of Chickering & Sons fully maintains its supremacy. Their manufactory is still much the largest in the world; the number of pianos they turn out weekly in Grands, Squares, and Uprights exceeds that of any single manufacturer in America. Their Pianos, when brought into close competition with those of any other maker, have always been pronounced superior, and their Grand Piano, which is the instrument which stamps the supreme reputation of a manufacturer, is always (?) chosen by the world's acknowledged great pianists as the only (?) instrument on which they can reveal in the highest degree their skill, imagination and sentiments, and is consequently the leading Concert Piano in America.

Worcester County Musical Convention.

It closed on Friday evening, and was, in every respect the most successful convention of the kind ever held in this portion of the State. Our columns have testified to the liberality of the arrangements, and to the disposition of the managers to bring into service the best available talent. It was agreed that this year's Convention should, in a measure, prepare the way for a future Festival; so Carl Zerrahn was engaged as conductor of the oratorio-music to be studied and performed, and talented vocalists and per-

formers, the best that could be obtained, were announced and appeared without fail. It was daily found worthy of remark that invariably the Convention gave more than it promised, rather showing an embarrassment of riches than the want of them.

Monday and Tuesday were chiefly occupied with exercises in the rudiments of singing; in the practice of what New Englanders have grown to call "church-music;" this portion of the exercises conducted by Solon Wilder; and in vigorous rehearsals of choruses in *Judas Maccabæus*, which had been selected for performance on the concluding and oratorio night. Wednesday evening brought the first concert, with a well chosen miscellaneous programme. Mr. Geo. E. Whiting played a March, by Meyerbeer, and other selections for the Organ, showing unusual skill in pedal-playing, and in the management of orchestral effects. Miss Fanny Riddell sang several operatic selections with a good degree of skill, and commendable vivacity and animation; and Mrs. Munroe of this city, gave pleasure, as she always does, by her rare qualities of voice, (contralto,) and her conscientious rendering of the music she sings. Mr. J. Whitney, of Boston, sang a song by Abt; and another by Baker. His voice—a tenor of fine quality; his selections and happy manner of rendering them, won him a hearty reception. Dr. Guilmette sang Russell's "Ship on Fire," and the Prayer from "St. Paul," each performance being excellent in its way, the latter especially fine.

On Thursday morning Dr. Guilmette delivered an interesting and valuable lecture on the formation, cultivation, and preservation of the voice. Holding the theory that voice is *breath made vocal*, he believed that the more breath the singer has, the more voice. His remarks were alike suited to speakers and vocalists, and included a full description of the respiratory organs, the importance of frequently inflating the lungs with air, strengthening alike the voice and the chest, training the singer and attending to muscular development. He cautioned all against "throaty tones," which are unpleasant in speaking as well as singing, and illustrated by some fine specimens of elocution, the difference between them and those produced from the chest. During the lecture hour Master Brear sang "The Skylark," and "With Verdure Clad." His fresh boy-soprano, and his juvenile appearance, as well as the skill and taste shown in his singing, awakened much enthusiasm. His instructor, Mr. Henry Carter, of Boston, was present, and gave a masterly organ-performance of a fugue in C minor, by Krebs. In the evening the second concert was given, under the direction of Mr. Wilder. The full chorus, we know not how many hundred voices, sang a chorus by Neukomm, another with fugue by Novello, hymn-tunes, &c.: the Salem St. church choir sang a fine quartet—a melody by Pacher, harmonized and arranged by Mr. C. C. Stearns; Messrs. C. Henshaw Smith, G. W. Sumner, and G. A. Adams played selections from Chopin; Mr. Richards sang the great air from "St. Paul," "Be thou faithful unto death;" Mrs. E. A. Allen gave an artistic and soulful interpretation of a *scena* and *aria* from "Der Freyschütz;" and Mrs. Doane's singing of Gagliardi's "Gratias Agimus Tibi," was most praiseworthy. Other performers were well worthy of mention, but we can only name a new singer, Miss Granger, who has marked talent, and a pure, sweet voice, which gave evidence of good cultivation. As on the previous evening, the piano-accompaniments were played by Mr. B. D. Allen.

Friday, the concluding day, was in every respect the most interesting in promise and performance, and well worthy to bring the seasons of the Convention to a happy close. In the afternoon of each day, a "social-hour," so-called, had been set apart, in which were heard such performances as were volunteered by members of the class. There was much that was really excellent in many of these; and as a whole, they rank much above the standard of such things in previous years. On Friday afternoon its place was supplied by a concert given by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, which was an occasion to be long and pleasantly remembered. The Club, assisted by Herr Stein, played their best, and there was excellent singing by Mrs. H. M. Smith, Mr. Whitney, and Dr. Guilmette. In the evening the Hall was filled in every portion, and the oratorio of *Judas Maccabæus* was performed, in a manner highly creditable to Conductor Zerrahn and the singers with whom he was trying in four or five days to do the work of as many months. Mr. Whiting was organist on the occasion; and the Quintette Club, aided by Stein, *contra-basso*, lent valuable assistance as orchestra. The choruses were, as a whole, exceedingly well sung. Particularly well given were such inspiring ones as "We come in bright array," "Hear us," "Fallen is the foe," "Tune your harps," and "See, the conquering Hero comes." For a Convention performance some of these choruses were remarkably well sung. Mr. Whit-

ney's singing of the part of *Judas* was very effective, especially in those strong points which have taxed the powers of the greatest singers. Mrs. H. M. Smith sang the soprano airs with rare taste and expression, adhering firmly to the text and the ideas of the composer, stooping to no trickery to gain applause; in a word, giving herself wholly to the best possible interpretation of the music. Her singing was highly satisfactory. Dr. Guilmette sang the bass solos in a manner that was good to hear. In both recitatives and airs, every word was distinctly heard in the most distant corner of the Hall, and even in the room below. The remaining solos, &c., were sustained by Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Munroe, Miss Stone, and Messrs. Richards and Hammond of this city. Of their performances we have not room to speak, but they were generally well received.

With the close of the musical festivities of the week, it was felt that much had been gained in this Convention over those of past years. In engaging the most talented performers for their concerts, &c., the managers ran some pecuniary risk which they have now no reason to regret. The public has more than sustained them, and another year will doubtless warrant still farther attempts to make the occasion some time a strictly Musical Festival rather than a Convention.—*Palladium*, Oct. 31.

The Kahlenberg.—Mozart.

In the neighborhood of Vienna, overlooking the City, the Danube, and the vast plain towards Styria, rises a small chain of hills, on the summit of which formerly stood a large convent. Murray's "Hand-book to Southern Germany" gives an excellent description of the locality; and as no visitor to the imperial capital of Austria should omit to explore the heights and recesses of those wooded mountains, both historically and musically interesting, I will here insert an extract from the above work.

"The Leopoldsberg, 824 feet high, is the last eminence of the chain of the Wiener Wald. On a projecting ledge, about half way up the hill, a wooden summer-house, called the Belvedere, has been erected, overhanging the river. It commands a very fine and most extensive view. Vienna is seen to a great advantage. The majestic spire of St. Stephen's, rising against the sky, is a beautiful object; but the striking feature of the view is the Danube, the monarch of European rivers, which even here is larger than any in Britain, and rolls its rapid and mighty stream at your feet, hurrying along vast floats of wood and heavily laden barges on its broad bosom. A little below Nussdorf it is split into various small streams by a number of wooded islands, and is crossed by the wooden bridges over which runs the high road from Vienna to Prague.

"Looking up the stream, the town and monastery of Kloster Neuberg are seen to advantage; and nearer, on the opposite side of the river, is the hill of Bisamberg, which produces one of the best Austrian wines. The Leopoldsberg receives its name from the Austrian Markgrave, who built a castle on its summit, which has now disappeared. A small church and rude tavern occupy its site.

"Those who desire a continuation of the same prospect may ascend the loftier top of the adjoining Kahlenberg.

"The inhabitants of Vienna repair in flocks to the Kahlenberg on Sundays, and ascend its heights in order to enjoy the prospect and fresh air. The building on the summit was originally a convent, founded by Ferdinand II., suppressed by Joseph II., afterwards a summer residence of the Prince de Ligne, who died and is buried here. Mozart composed part of the *Zauberflöte* in this inn (Casino)."

In a small room at one end of this casino, situated on the verge of the mountain, Mozart, four months previous to his death, resided for a short time in hopes of recruiting his strength; and in this modest, rural retreat he is said to have composed the memorable overture and the priests' march of "*Zauberflöte*." The visit to this casino, in 1845, I have always remembered, as one of the most interesting of my musical rambles on the continent. In company with my late countryman and brother artist, Paris Alvares, the celebrated harpist, I ascended the Kahlenberg, and as we rode through the vineyards, we could perceive groups of happy, merry citizens, threading their way through the winding footpaths, taking advantage of the lovely day to enjoy a "pic-nic," and the charming scenery. Immediately on our arrival at the summit of the mountain, we hastened to the room once occupied by Mozart, and on the door of which had been carved in large letters, "*Das Zimmer des Virtuosen Mozart*." The day previous to our visit, a young musical student had made his pilgrimage to this "sacred spot," and defaced the word "Virtuosen." When remonstrated with, for such an act of wanton mis-

chief, the fanatical youth excused himself by saying that it was a downright insult to call Mozart "virtuosen," more especially to write it on the door of an apartment in which was produced an overture that had immortalized him as a composer! With this explanation, the youth escaped punishment.

Alvares enjoyed the anecdote vastly, and to the great astonishment of mine host applauded the discriminating taste of the *financier*, telling him at the same time that the erosion of the word *virtuosen* would rather tend to increase than diminish the number of musical pilgrims to the casino. Mine host, like the late proprietor of Shakespeare's birth-place, cared little for the immediate object of musical visitors to this hallowed temple of the muse, and was quite satisfied with the prospect of increased consumption of viands and other cheer that enriched his store of wealth. The Italian word "virtuoso," in English literature, is used to signify "a lover of the liberal arts;" the precise signification of it, as used among German musicians, implies "an executant of ability." The terms applied to musicians by the Germans are various.—*Tondichter* (the poet of sounds) was the appellation given to Beethoven, instead of the ordinary name "*Tonkünstler*" (the scientific musician). The creative faculty in art should ever command the greatest honors, however gifted may be the executive powers of a player on any instrument. When the English admirers of Kean insisted on a public funeral in St. Paul's for this tragedian, the *Times*, in one of its usual powerful articles, significantly pointed to the modest niche in Poet's Corner to the memory of him whose genius created actors! Posterity had crowned the memory of poor Mozart by a just appreciation of his genius, and although his grave remained for years a neglected spot, by the individual exertions of Mme. Hasselt-Barthe, the prima donna of the court theatre, a suitable monument is now placed over his remains. This latent homage to Mozart, and the above incident, are proofs of the idol-worship inspired by the creative genius of this composer among those best qualified to appreciate his works, and I never listen to that *chef d'œuvre*, the overture to the "*Zauberflöte*," without calling to mind the mingled emotions I experienced on visiting "*Das Zimmer des Virtuosen Mozart*" on the Kahlenberg.—*Orchestra*.

Music Abroad.

Germany.

LEIPZIG. The beginning of the Gewandhaus concerts was postponed, on account of the cholera, to Oct. 18. The examination of new pupils for the Conservatorium was also postponed from the 4th to the 15th of Oct., on which day the new course began.—Röntgen, a distinguished member of the Gewandhaus orchestra and of David's Quartet, has been honored by a call to St. Petersburg, to become concert-master to the Russian Musical Society and professor in the musical Conservatoire there.—The second debut of the young Theodore Wachtel, in the part of Lionel in *Martha*, was not less brilliant than the first. His father was present.

The Euterpe society, under the direction of Herr von Bernuth, will give ten subscription concerts, eight of them orchestral, and two of chamber music. They will be in the hall of the Booksellers' Exchange, except those with chorus, which will be in the Centralhalle. Among the choral works to be given are: Gluck's "Orpheus and Eurydice;" the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven; the "Walpurgis Night" of Mendelssohn; an act from Cherubini's "Anacreon;" Schumann's "Manfred" music; and Handel's "Belshazzar."

We find the following list of operas performed in Leipzig in the months of August and September: Halévy's *L'Éclair*; "Barber of Seville;" *Freyshütz*; *Czar and Zimmerman*; Mehul's "Joseph;" Marschner's *Hans Heiling*; Gounod's *Faust*; Flotow's *Martha* and *Stradella*; Robert le Diable; *Masaniello*; *Zauberflöte*; Offenbach's "Orpheus in Hell;" *Flotte Bursche*, by Suppé. In all, 14 operas in 24 performances.

The "Andante-Allegro," a club of artists and friends of art, on the 13th of October celebrated the seventy-fourth birthday of Prof. Moritz Hauptmann, who has so long worthily held old Bach's place of Cantor to the Thomas-Schule.

BERLIN. Niemann made his debut in *Tannhäuser*, with the greatest success.—Mlle. Ariôt is re-engaged for three months.—Offenbach's *Les Bavards* has been successfully played at the Friedrich-Wilhelm theatre. Roger, the French tenor, has given 38 successful representations of *Lucia*, *La Favorita*, *La Dame Blanche*, *Jean de Paris*, *Fra Diavolo* and *Zampa*, and the king, returning from Sadowna, has decorated him; he goes next to Stettin, Lubeck, Königsberg, St. Petersburg, &c., and will only return to Paris on the eve of the *Exposition Universelle*, when all the great artists will flock thither.

The Singacademie will produce this winter: Ferdinand Hiller's "Destruction of Jerusalem," Handel's "Samson," and the *Missa Solennis* (sixteen-part Mass) by its director, Grell.—Carl Tausig, a pianist of the Liszt school, with other birds of the same feather (Franz Bendel, &c.), has established a Piano-forte Institute in Berlin. Tausig is styled court-pianist to the king of Prussia, as Bülow was before he followed Wagner to Munich.

MUNICH.—Mozart's "Don Juan" is to be revived very shortly, with numerous ameliorations in its mode of representation. The original recitatives and several numbers hitherto omitted will be restored. The scenery and dresses, also, will be new. Another novelty will be "Der Wunderthätige Magus" ("El Magico Prodigioso") of Calderon, with music by Rheinberger, which has been in preparation for some time past.

VIENNA.—The Philharmonic Society is preparing, among other things, for the coming season, the *Faust* of Berlioz, Gade's Cantata: "The Crusaders," and Bach's great Mass in B minor,—works never heard before in Vienna. For solo artists the Society has engaged Joachim and the pianist Augusta Kolar.—Hellmesberger, director of the Conservatorium, resumes his Quartet soirées on the 15th inst., with the aid of the two lady pianists Marie Krebs and Augusta Kolar.

Besides the above, we find further details of the riches offered by the "Gesellschafts" and the "Philharmonic" concerts. The programmes of the two contain also: Overture to the "Rhine-wine Lied," by Schumann (new); to the *Berggeist*, by Spohr; and to *Abu Hassan*, by Weber; Beethoven's 7th Symphony and Choral Fantasia; a Symphony by Schubert in B minor; the entire music of Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, and the *Loreley finale*. Other novelties will be: *Suites*, by Lachner and Raff; Symphonies, by Ferd. Hiller and Bargiel. Of well-known orchestral works the Philharmonic will perform: Beethoven's 6th, 8th and 9th Symphonies; Schumann's Second Symphony, and "Overture, Scherzo and Finale;" Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony; Beethoven's *Egmont* music, &c.

Paris.

GLUCK'S "ALCESTE." A correspondent of the London *Orchestra* writes (Oct. 16):

Gluck's "*Alceste*" was re-produced on Friday last at the Grand Opera. It would be useless for me to give you an account of the piece; for the history of that model wife (*Alceste*), who willingly sacrificed herself to save her husband's life, and was only rescued from Hades by the interposition of *Hercules*, who told *Pluto* that he "could not stand that," is fresh in the minds of all your readers. This work, originally composed for the Viennese stage, the poet being Calzabigi, was produced in 1776, and was afterwards re-arranged for the French Opera in 1776. Gluck had at that time already secured a certain reputation in our capital: "*Iphigénie en Aulide*," words by Le Bailly du Rollet (1774), and "*Orphée et Eurydice*," arranged from the Italian of Calzabigi (Vienna, 1762,) by the same, had produced a great effect. Two violent parties for whom music had no charms to soothe the savage breast were formed; the Gluckists and the Piccinists belabored each other, and not always in print, in a most praiseworthy and conscientious manner. The latter got Piccini to Paris (1777) and placed him in the lists to compose a *Roland*, on which subject Gluck was engaged, but re-

fused to continue as soon as he heard of the proposed *concours*, and so the strife between the two parties lasted until 1780, when Gluck retired to Vienna, and the public discovered that it was better to admire the beauties contained in an opera than to quarrel about the exact amount of comparative merit that it might or might not possess.

Before this period Gluck had composed many operas. After a long stay in Milan we find him in London (1746), where his opera "*La Caduta dei Giganti*" (The Fall of the Giants) was produced. This was far from being a success, and Handel "cut it up" relentlessly. A pasticcio of airs from his best operas, arranged and presented by himself under the title of "*Pyramus and Thisbe*," was scarcely more fortunate, but had the effect of producing a great change in his future "manner." While listening to the first performance he was astonished to find that the numbers which had received the greatest applause in the operas for which they were originally composed were of no avail the moment the words and actions were changed. He came to the conclusion that there was something more in music than the art of pleasing the ear, and that every piece properly composed had a real expression in perfect analogy to the sentiment or passion it was intended to represent. This was the turning-point in Gluck's career, and the effect of his meditations is sufficiently apparent in the "*Semiramide*" he wrote to Metastasio's words in 1748 (Vienna).

I have no need to follow his career from that time; the subject has been lately treated in your columns by a far more able writer than a *flâneur* like myself; so I return to "*Alceste*," the best of the two operas, to which he has prefixed a "Dedictory Epistle." Without transcribing it at length, there are one or two passages that the composers of this Thérésian and Offenbachish age will do well to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest. He says: "I have sought to apply music to its proper purpose: that is, to strengthen the expression of the sentiment of the piece and the interest of the situation. I have always been careful to allow an artist to have the full play of his powers in an exciting moment, without causing him to stop short for the sake of introducing an uninteresting *ritournelle*, or to mark a pause on a certain note to allow him to make a *point d'orgue* to show the quality of his voice to the detriment of the dramatic situation." And so on. A quiet meditation of the whole would be useful to some of our modern geni.

The rehearsals of "*Alceste*" were nearly the first to which the aristocracy were admitted in France. Gluck was in the habit of half undressing himself and doffing a night-cap before the commencement; and when the rehearsal was over, the greatest men in the land disputed the honor of presenting him his surcoat, wig, &c. Notwithstanding the opposition of the true and uncompromising Italian school, the opera was more than an ordinary success. *Alceste* was played by Mlle. Levasseur; the names of the other interpreters escaped me. I took a note of them the other day on a piece of red cardboard, and handed it over unwittingly as a correspondence to the conductor of an omnibus. The French were already *blagueurs*, even at that time. The Abbé Arnaud, a furious Gluckist, said on leaving the theatre at the end of the first performance: "Gluck has restored *la douleur antique*." "Yes," answered a Piccinist enraged, "I would rather he had given us *le plaisir moderne*." Another night a malcontent said to him: "You see that *Alceste* has fallen." "Fallen from Heaven" said the Abbé; and as many more as you like, *ejusdem farinae*, which you may find in any French "Joe Miller," or "*Delices des Réunions de Famille*," at twenty-five centimes on the Quays.

Let us take a violent jump over nearly a hundred years, and we can assist at a reprise of "*Alceste*" in 1861 at the Grand Opera. The cast contains the names of Mme. Viardot (*Alceste*), MM. Michot (*Admète*) and Cazaux (*Le Grand Prêtre*). Notwithstanding Mme. Viardot's immense talent she failed to produce an effect. The entire part had to be transposed to suit her exceptional voice; some of the pieces being sung as much as a fourth lower. Her only real success was in the air "*Divinités du Styx*." M. Michot was unequal and ineffective as *Admète*, and M. Cazaux a "waverer" between High and Low in the part of the *High Priest*. Another five year's leap brings us to the performance of the other night, infinitely superior to the last revival. Mlle. Marie Battu (*Alceste*) fairly astonished the audience with her splendid reading of the part. She understands the character of the resigned and devoted wife to perfection; she never cants, and though she may want a little of the "heavy" energy which Mme. Viardot threw into certain portions of the rôle, take her for all in all, we shall not find such a distinguished and sympathetic artist to sustain so difficult a part for a long time to come. Both acting and singing were perfect;

and it was really pleasant to hear a real cantatrice "bring down the house" by sheer art, and without being forced to have recourse to those awful vocal outbursts which are generally considered as being indispensable by the votaries of the "go in and win" system. M. Villaret, who never endangered his life, even in the *Suivez moi* of "*Guillaume Tell*," for he possesses a C "natural" in every respect, was a great improvement on his predecessor, and sang the part of *Admète*, in a very praiseworthy manner. M. David deserves honorable mention for his rendering of the *High Priest*. The minor parts were well sustained, only M. Grisy, who represents *Apollo*, reminded me rather too much of Mr. Tupman, and would do well to follow a course *à la Banting*.

Apropos of the Italian, there has been nothing new this week, Mlle. Patti and Lagrue, have both been influenced by the state of the weather. M. Agnési, the best basso of the troupe, is "lent" to the manager of Madrid for a short time for the cast of "*Semiramide*," in which he is to play *Assur*.

I quote the following from the *Almanach de la Musique*, which gives the salaries of the principal artists of the Opera: merely observing that MM. Naudin and Damesire have taken their leave:—MM. Naudin, 110,000 fr.; Faure, 90,000 fr.; Gueymard, 72,000 fr.; Villaret, 45,000 fr.; Morère, 40,000 fr.; Obin, 38,000 fr.; Belval, 38,000 fr.; Dumestre, 36,090 fr.; Warot, 32,000 fr.; Mmes. Gueymard, 60,000 fr.; Sass, 60,000 fr.; Battu, 60,000 fr.; Salvioni, 30,000 fr.; Fioretti, 24,000 fr. Total: 635,000 francs; and yet I hear the whole troupe singing, with tears in their eyes, "*On ne paie qu'en Angleterre!*"

Another correspondent writes: The reprise of Gluck's *Alceste* at the Académie Impériale de Musique, which took place on Friday last, is the talk of all Paris. The qualities of the old master are freely discussed in all musical circles; the merits of the work are canvassed with more than ordinary pertinacity; and the performance is criticised with unexpected lenity. The French in general, the Parisians in particular, entertain an unusual respect for mediocre talent. Acting upon this conviction, the managers here do not think themselves bound, in the production of great works, to provide, for their interpretation, great artists. When great artists can be procured I have no doubt that inferior artists would not be substituted. When *Alceste* was revived at the Grand Opéra, in 1861, Madame Viardot was expressly engaged to play the part of the heroine, and that, dramatically speaking, no living singer could sustain the part with more force and grandeur was demonstrated in the performance. The music, nevertheless, being written for a high soprano, rendered the transposition of several of the airs imperative, and these, however skillfully contrived by M. Hector Berlioz—who superintended the getting up of the opera—were found to lose much of their effect and character by the lowering process. Having decided on the production of *Alceste*—led thereto by the enormous success achieved by the same composer's *Orphée* at the Théâtre-Lyrique, when it almost reached its 200th representation—M. Emile Perrin, not having Madame Viardot at hand, or one equal to Madame Viardot, decided upon casting his favorite *prima donna*, Mlle. Marie Battu, for *Alceste*, although well aware that charming young lady and brilliant songstress was entirely unsuited to the music, or to the dramatic exigencies of the character, in its grandeur, passion, and sublimity of devotion. Who could blame M. Emile Perrin under the circumstances. It might have been urged, indeed, that the manager was not compelled to bring out *Alceste* at a certain time, and that he might have waited for a more favorable opportunity. I learn from a reliable source that M. Perrin was blinded by Mlle. Marie Battu's success in *Motse*, in which it cannot be denied that she sang the music of Anaiide in first-rate style, and acted most becomingly. But Rossini's flowing and love-melting strains are very different from the broad, sustained and simple melodies of the old German master; and, compared with *Alceste*, Rossini's heroine shines with but a pale lustre. Mlle. Marie Battu, indeed, has undeniable talent, but lacks loftiness of expression and declamatory power; while her pronunciation is ill fitted for the forcible and pointed delivery of the words which Euripides has put into the mouth of the self-sacrificing Greek wife.

The critical public find fault with M. Perrin for not producing *Armide*, or *Les Deux Iphigénies*, in place of *Alceste*; but M. Hector Berlioz, I have no doubt, had good reasons for recommending the last-named work. Under the superintendence of M. Berlioz, *Alceste* has received every care and consideration in its performance at the Academy.

The revival had a great success, judging from the bravos and the recalls; but, to my thinking, *Alceste* will not go down with the public. Were Mlle. Tietjens to sing the part of the heroine it would require no particular gift of vaticination to proclaim

a different fate for Gluck's opera at the Académie Impériale de Musique et de Dance.

London.

CRYSTAL PALACE. The winter concerts were inaugurated on Saturday, (Oct. 6) when, the day being fine, nearly six thousand persons assembled to welcome back to the concert-room Mr. Manns and his admirable instrumental force. Mr. Manns made a magnificent commencement with Mendelssohn's overture to *Ruy Blas*, which was executed with astonishing vigor and precision. Beethoven's symphony in B flat (No. 4) was another splendid performance, every movement being listened to with intensest interest, and the applause at the end being loud and prolonged. Herr Fritz Hartvigson, the Copenhagen pianist, played a fantasia by Schubert with good effect.

The vocal music was entrusted to Mlle. Elvira Behrens and Mlle. Enquist. The last-named lady sang the romance of Matilda, "Sombre forêt," from *Guillaume Tell*, and Violetta's aria, "Ah! fors'è lui" from the *Traviata*; the former, Schumann's "Schön Blümlein," Mendelssohn's "Maiglöckchen," and Gounod's "Serenade." Both ladies had no cause to complain of want of encouragement on the part of the audience.

ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS. The special night of the week, as usual, was the classical night, Thursday, devoted to Haydn and Weber. To Haydn were assigned two pieces, and Weber had all the rest. The two pieces of Haydn, however, were not given, as Mr. Leigh Wilson, set down for "In native worth," from the *Creation*, being indisposed, another tenor was obviously necessitated, who, not desirous to exhibit his talent in its "native worth," chose instead Himmel's song of "Yarico to her lover." This was Mr. Alfred Hemming, who, truth to say, sang Himmel's lovely wail so well and expressively as to make the audience call him back to the platform. Haydn's other suppliance was the melodious and well-known Symphony in G, letter Q, played to perfection—absolute perfection, to make use of a current pleonasm. Weber's share of the programme comprised—Overture to *Preciosa*; *Adagio* and Rondo from clarinet concerto, Mr. Lazarus, solo instrumentalist; song, "Araby, O Araby," from *Oberon*, sung by Mlle. Georgi; *Andante* and *Finale* from Trio in G minor, for pianoforte, flute, and violoncello, played by Mlle. Krebs, Mr. R. S. Pratten, and Mr. G. Collins; and Sir Huon's song from *Oberon*, "O 'tis a glorious sight to see."—*Mus. World*, Oct. 13.

Oct. 20. Mendelssohn and Mr. Alfred Mellon had the worst possible weather for the "classical night," on Thursday. The selection included—overture to *The Isles of Fingal*; aria, "If with all your hearts," from *Elijah*, sung by Mr. Alfred Hemming; Concerto for pianoforte, in G minor, played by Mlle. Krebs; Overture in C, for wind instruments (Op. 24); vocal duet, "Hassan and Zuleika," given by Miss Emily Lonsdale and Mr. Alfred Hemming; and Overture and incidental music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The three overtures—so varied in their styles, and all three so powerfully dramatic and so picturesquely treated—were executed with splendid effect, the marvellous prelude to Shakespeare's poem coming in for the loudest applause. Indeed, the incidental music created quite as great a sensation as the overture, and the trio for two bassoons and oboe was rapturously encored. Mlle. Marie Krebs had a warm reception, and a universal recall after her brilliant performance of the famous G minor concerto. Why the Mendelssohn programme should be followed in the first part by the grand selection from Rossini's *Mosè in Egitto* we cannot say. The composer of the music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was worthy of an entire part to himself. The second part opened with a new selection from M. Gounod's *Faust*, embracing the principal features of the opera, arranged for his own concerts by Mr. Alfred Mellon, in which the orchestra was strengthened by the band of the Coldstream Guards, under the direction of Mr. Fred. Godfrey. Signor Bottesini played his own fantasia on the contra-basso, "Carneval de Venise"—with what effect we need not say; and Mlle. Carlotta Patti sang Signor Tito Mattei's "Waltzer," and Signor Traventi's "Tarantelle," and, being encored in the former, substituted Mr. Mellon's ballad, "Cupid's Eyes." The orchestra played the new waltz, "Lemuel," and Mr. Fred Godfrey's "United Service" quadrilles, in the latter being joined by the band of the Coldstream Guards.

A series of ballad concerts has been announced to commence on Monday.

NORWICH FESTIVAL. The arrangements for the Norwich Musical Festival, which will commence on

the 29th inst., are being rapidly matured, rehearsals now taking place frequently in St. Andrew's Hall. On Monday evening (Oct. 29), the Festival will commence with the National Anthem (solos by the principal singers), followed by *Israel in Egypt*. On Tuesday evening, a miscellaneous concert. On Wednesday morning, an anthem by Spohr, and Costa's *Naaman*, (conducted by the composer). On Wednesday evening, a second miscellaneous concert, in which the chief feature will be *The Midsummer Night's Dream* (Mendelssohn). On Thursday morning, *St. Cecilia*, written expressly for the Festival by Mr. Benedict; a selection from Handel's *Passion Music*; and the first and second parts of *The Creation*. On Thursday evening, another miscellaneous concert; and on Friday morning (as usual), *The Messiah*. The principal vocal performers are Mlle. Tietjens, Mme. Rudersdorf, Miss Edith Wynne, Mlle. Sinico, Mme. Demerice-Lablache, Mlle. Anna Drasdil, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Signor Morini, Mr. Santley, Mr. Weiss, and M. Gassier. Mr. Benedict will once more act as general conductor.

Concerning the libretto of "The Legend of St. Cecilia," to be produced at the Norwich Festival next month, its author (Mr. Chorley) observes:—"It has long been a favorite fancy of mine to treat the Legend of Saint Cecilia for music with a view to the possible revival of such celebrations as were held in gone-by years, when English sympathy for the Art was more limited in every respect than at the present time. It is true that the names of Dryden and Addison among the poets, and of Handel among the musicians, who have made "divine Cecilia's" praise immortal, might be thought to deter any one from dealing with the subject.—But theirs were merely votive odes indirectly bearing on the power of the Art, of which Cecilia is patron Saint.—This Cantata of mine sets forth her story, which, so far as I am aware, has not been done before in any of the works produced for the Cecilian Festivals in England. All who are familiar with the accepted legend, as told in the "Legenda Aurea" of Jacobus Januensis, Archbishop of Genoa, will perceive that I have treated it with a certain liberty. Some of the minor incidents—such as the conversion and martyrdom of Tiburtius, the brother of Valerianus—have been omitted with a view of avoiding the introduction of secondary persons, and of concentrating the main interest in the martyr heroine. Further, the catastrophe which (to cite Dryden's known line in defiance of its original import)

"raised a mortal to the skies."

has been simplified. The legend narrates that after the agony of slow fire, which failed to kill the Christian bride, the sword ended her days. A literal adherence to this tradition might have weakened the closing scene by presenting two situations of the same character. Others must judge how far I have been indiscreet, or the reverse, in its omission." The work—set, as is well known, by Benedict—contains thirteen numbers.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 10, 1866.

Ristori.

The past two weeks have given us no great music; yet they have been rich with an artistic experience very nearly akin to music, namely great tragic acting, by a true woman, of noble presence and decided genius, with a most musical and perfect voice, and in that most musical Italian tongue, which it is an artistic luxury to sit and listen to, although one scarcely understands it,—the mere power of tones, the natural language (looks and gestures), the great, true acting in short, making all intelligible to us as music does without words, or with words which we only heed as vehicles of tones. Ristori is indeed a great actress; if any doubted it at first, they have become convinced by seeing her in several characters. Medea, Schiller's Mary Stuart, Queen Elizabeth—her own creation of the historic character, in spite of the poor work of a play-wright—Judith, the inspired heroine, the Jeanne d'Arc

of the Apocrypha, the fearful Phædra of the Greek fate tragedy, and Lady Macbeth,—the first real, Shakspeare's, Lady Macbeth that we have ever yet seen on our stage,—have afforded abundant opportunity to satisfy oneself whether her acting were great.

We have seen her in all of these except the first, Medea. We felt them all as characters, essentially distinct and individual, each consistently developed from a central principle of character or ruling passion, each having a unity under progressive various manifestations. So to conceive, so to present a wide variety of characters implies not only insight, thoughtful analysis, and clever combining faculty, it implies imagination. Her acting is called very real; it is even disparaged sometimes by the term realistic. So it is real; and does it not require imagination to realize character, situations, destiny? Is not this the very essence of the creative, the poetic faculty? Yet we must own, we are not always sure that Ristori realizes the character in itself, in all its possibilities latent and implied in every instant, as she does the character in given situations. And therefore while her impersonations do not lack the sovereign quality of imagination, it is perhaps fair to say that they are not exactly ideal. That implies a certain abstraction of the essential soul or mainspring of the character from all that is accidental and merely of the moment. That lifts the character up into a type, a something remote and real to the mind rather than to the senses, a something spiritually real, rather than actually, so that the dramatic embodiment thereof is like a thrilling vision; the change at the same time is wrought in us, and we, the beholders and the listeners, go out of ourselves, put off our everyday life to meet it; that is, we are transported. This, we take it, was the peculiar power of Rachel. Her acting was not only imaginative in the sense of rightly and vividly conceiving and presenting the successive moments, phases, incidents of character in its relations, but it was ideal. There was the type before you from the instant she came on the stage; and whatever she said or did, even if she stood motionless and dumb, you somehow felt the soul of the whole character, were fascinated and drawn into its circle, fearing it perhaps, yet charmed toward it; you realized its fate. It was not a series of points, strikingly effective and true to life. It was wonderfully quiet. The passion burned at a white heat and was colorless, consuming its own smoke. Motionless itself, it moved the little world upon the stage and all the inner world in you. But it would be impossible for us to express this so well as it is done in Mr. Whipple's admirable article in the *Transcript* of Monday. After happily calling Ristori's Elizabeth "a divination," and showing how English, how Tudor-English, how Elizabeth-Tudor-English ("the race, the family, the individual—all were given,") she made it, he proceeds:

But we have a right to demand, in a great dramatic artist, not only character, but ideal character. In this we doubt if any actress ever quite equalled Rachel. Sensibility, purified into passion, and passion penetrated by imagination, and impassioned imagination rooted in the soul of the character she embodied,—this was the impression which Rachel's genius conveyed. Everything about her suggested spiritual existence. The evil she represented was spiritual evil; the good, spiritual good; the beauty, spiritual beauty. There was hardly a trace of merely physical

power in her acting; everything was ensouled. The result was that perfection of nature which we call ideal art—nature which is always possible but rarely actual. The strangeness in the expression of her beauty also gave her, even to the utterance of the fiercest human passions, a certain ideal remoteness from actual life. Her mere presence on the scene was a work of art. When she appeared on the stage a shock of pleased surprise ran through her audience, as at the appearance of a beautiful apparition. It was as if the Venus of Milo should start from her immortal repose, or a Pythoness step from picture into breathing and moving life.

Ristori does not possess this ideal charm to such a degree of perfection. She is, in the slang of the stage, "more human," and her characters, while they transcend those of actual life in breadth, energy and elevation, are nearer to it than those created by Rachel. Perhaps this is owing to the intensity—intellectual as well as passionate—which she throws into her embodiments, so that in some scenes she almost pains the auditors she thrills and overcomes; the personation is, perhaps, too real for the purposes of art; and the auditor's sympathy with imagined woe or wrath is suddenly turned into a twinge of the heart, as though he were troubled by the sight of actual misery or rage.

This extract sums up what we would fain say. But we could hardly apply the epithet *intense* to Ristori as compared to Rachel. The impersonations of the latter seemed to us, beyond those of all other actors, to be characterized by intensity. Perhaps it were better to say *concentration*, leaving the other word to cases of intense conscious, voluntary effort. Rachel's was the absolute concentration of all the powers and possibilities of a character in each however quiet moment of it and so her whole play was quiet; it had in the highest degree known to modern times the classical repose of old Greek art. Not the repose of indifference, but of action from the very centre. Rachel was thought cold, repulsive personally; fascination, mystery in her art, but something too remote, unsympathetic, something hardly human, something that one feared in her as a woman. But she was as far as possible from cold in the ideal characters which she assumed; there it was, as we have said, the white heat of a central passion, cold of course to all outside of its ideal world and unrelated to it. Now in Ristori, the ideal or assumed character never, even for the time being, absorbs the whole woman. There is the wonderful acting, and there is still the woman left, outside of that, with whom we sympathize and with whom hold human converse all the while; for she is one of us. Rachel was an exceptional being; there can never be another; it was the art, and not the woman that came near to us.

If Rachel was the more ideal, intense, concentrated, for that very reason her range of characters was more limited. We involuntarily think of her always first as Phædra, or, next, as the sister of the Horatii, or some purely classic type. We can easily imagine that she failed in Mary Stuart, as Ristori (measured by the ideal in Rachel) fails in Phædra. But Ristori, great nevertheless in Phædra, is at home and greater still in the wide range of far more complex modern characters; she enters into the secret of one after another, reproducing them to the life, and remains the actual, human woman, remains Ristori all the while. We own the truth, the amazing power and vividness of her impersonations (sometimes we might rather say her illustrations), yet we never forget her; and there is that in her own proper character, her refined, true womanhood, that always draws us to her.

In her acting, therefore, there is much more variety, much more that appeals to the sense, much more movement and gesticulation, and much more consciousness. Studied effects sometimes disturb the general illusion, although they are calculated with a rare intelligence and the arrow quivers in its mark, sped with an electric force and certainty. But there are thrilling points of attitude and facial expression, in which she seems to see herself and prolong them as if by a self-photographing process: for instance where Elizabeth denounces Lord Bacon, and where in the dying scene she snatches back the crown and puts it on her own head; you almost expect the side illumination of the melodrama to come in and complete the tableau. The Italian play of Elizabeth, to be sure, is a modern sensational piece; not a drama in any true sense, but a series of historical (partly fictitious) incidents in the life of Elizabeth, scattered over wide periods of her reign. It is a play of points altogether, and we would not have her make one point the less. They are admirable in their way. And it must be confessed that she creates the character in spite of the playwright; by consistent, imaginative development of the character, making it to grow before us in a series of pictures, she gives the play that unity which it has not in itself.

We have no room to review her several parts in detail. Her Mary Stuart was a beautiful whole, lacking the Stuart fascination, as Schiller's Mary lacks it, and as all attempts perhaps must lack it. The great scene of the garden, where she is first a girl again in her joy in nature and fresh air, hailing the clouds to bear her messages; and then compels herself to kneel before her enemy, only to hurl terrific defiance at her when she rises, is as great acting as we ever saw. And that sad scene of leave-taking on the eve of her execution,—one of those scenes which we commonly find intolerable—was sadder and closer to reality than we ever saw upon the stage, and yet so instinct with tenderness and beauty, that one could not turn away from it. Applause after a scene so sacred seemed impertinent and sacrilegious. If in face and form she could not look the Queen of Scots, she had every advantage for Elizabeth. Some of those old portraits at Hampton Court seemed to have become alive. We do not assent to the charge of want of queenly dignity in that impersonation; it had just such dignity as that coarse, vain, imperious, wilful queen could have, and no more. Dignity, however, is an attribute which such a woman as Ristori cannot really part with.

Her Judith had an ideal beauty in the first act, and showed a wonderful variety and wealth of resources throughout, rising to sublimity in passages, especially in those recitations from the Psalms and Prophets, where her voice grew rhythmical and was like music. How wonderfully, too, in the scenes with Holofernes, she could simulate fascination!—a very different fascination from that we spoke of in Rachel-Phædra is in the main not for her; it was only for Rachel; and yet it was great acting. Macbeth of course drew the great house, for every one could understand the play. In her very first soliloquy, with the letter, you felt that here at last was Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth; it had the true magnetic power, and you felt assured that it would go on greater and greater to the end. But alas! the Macbeth was ill and lacked all

manliness and power of self-support, all memory too, and had to be prompted every word. He had left his bed that the play might go on. Lady Macbeth had the whole weight of his part to hold up besides her own; and being so preoccupied in that, we only wonder that she so succeeded throughout in at least strongly indicating, if not fully realizing, the intentions of the part as they dwelt in her imagination. The sleep-walking scene made up for all. "Art could no further go," we do believe. We will let another writer in the *Transcript* describe it:

You see the thrilling, the terrible picture of a guilty, broken-hearted woman, on her way to the grave. There is none of the horrible and conventional gasping, but just sufficient hardness of breathing to denote approaching dissolution, for Ristori evidently believes, as we think she should, that Lady Macbeth died of that disease to which none could minister, and not by a suicidal hand.

"Out damned spot! out I say!"

Was there ever such a washing of the hands—was ever a Queen so quickly transformed into one of Dante's spirits of hell? "Lasciate ogni speranza. O voi che entrate!" Do you not see it written on that deathly face with its cavernous eyes?

"The Thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?"

Can you hear Ristori murmur this and then believe Hazlitt when he calls Lady Macbeth "a bold, bad woman?"

"Here is the smell of the blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!" Was there ever more terrible remorse, were there ever more pitiful sighs? They rend the heart of the audience as well as that of their victim. And that final exit! It is the fatal flicker before the going out of the candle—it is a summing-up of all the dreadful past, a concentration of superhuman power into one moment of superb action. The audience last night had endured much—they were a thousand-fold repaid. Three times was Ristori recalled. It was consummate acting.

Music in Prospect.

ITALIAN OPERA. Ristori yields the Boston Theatre, after the death of Queen Elizabeth to-day, to Maretzek's new company, who will commence a season of ten nights and four matinées on Monday, with *Crispino e la Comare*, the great RONCONI in the part of Crispino and Miss KELLOGG as the cobbler's wife. We are glad to see that Maretzek's programme allows such space to sparkling comic operas. We need not repeat our persuasion that this is the most genuine element there is in the modern Italian music; there is most *genius* in the buffo kind. Besides, there is tragedy enough in actual life; it takes a Shakespeare or a Goethe, a Gluck or a Beethoven to idealize it; and we are all growing old full fast and like to be regaled by what is childlike, lively, fresh and unpretending. Besides *Crispino*, we are promised the immortal *Barbiere*, and the *Elisir d'Amore*, and Meyerbeer's "Star of the North." Who will not gulp a moderate dose of *Trovatore* without wry faces for the sake of these? Maretzek's artists have made a good mark in Brooklyn and Philadelphia. RONCONI has been the first baritone buffo of his time; his voice is worn, but the genius and consummate art remain; if he is nearly as good as he was five years ago in London, playing Masetto to Patti's Zerlina, he will be a rare treat. Then there will be Miss Kellogg, and new sopranos and contraltos, of whom we hear good things (Mlles. CARMEN, POCH, AMALIA HAUCK, ANTOINETTA RONCONI, STELLA BONHEUR, and others). The new tenor, BARAGLI, charmed the Philadelphians, and besides him are named MAZZOLENI, TESTA and BERNARDI. The brave BELLINI heads the basses, followed by ANTONUCCI, FOSSAFI and that genuine, unpretending lyric actor, DUBREUIL. The Orchestra, too, will be an orchestra, for there are 45 performers promised, and a chorus of 36. BERGMANN, TORRIANI and MAX himself will take turns in conducting. On the whole a pleasant prospect.

PARLOR OPERA, at the Music Hall begins this Thursday evening, just as we have to go to press, before going to hear *Don Pasquale*.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS. The first programme for the Harvard concerts, Friday afternoon, Nov. 23, is now definitely fixed. Part I. Cherubini's Overture to "Anacreon;" Schumann's A-minor Concerto, piano part by OTTO DRESEL. Part II. Seventh Symphony of Beethoven; piano solos (Weber's "Slumber Song," arranged by Liszt, and "Invitation to the Dance"); "Leonora" Overture, No. 3,—the great one—by Beethoven. The orchestra will number over fifty instruments. The audience will be as fine in character as last year, and even larger probably in numbers. In the second concert, Dec. 7, the pianist will be CARLYLE PETERSILEA, who will play Henselt's Concerto and something from Chopin; the Symphony will be Schumann's in C (played for the first time last year); the Overtures: Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" and Schumann's "Genoveva."—*Third Concert*, Dec. 21. ERNST PERABO will play a Concerto by Norbert Burgmüller, and "Etudes Symphoniques" (variations), op. 13, by Schumann. Mozart's E-flat Symphony; Overtures to "Magic Flute" and "Melusina;" possibly also an aria by Mozart.

ORATORIO. The Handel and Haydn Society will perform "St. Paul" on Sunday evening, the 25th.

ERNST PERABO has returned to us, full of music and of zeal. He will belong to Boston henceforth, and such true art and purpose as his, such fidelity to good music and the best masters, with such faculty to interpret them, will be a clear gain to our musical life here. He will play in the third Symphony Concert, and will soon begin to give Chamber Concerts—Matinées probably—of his own, in Chickering's hall, when he will play a great deal of Schubert, as well as of Bach, Beethoven and the rest. He is already receiving pupils, and may be conferred with every day at Chickering's between the hours of 11 and 12.

Mr. HERMANN DAUM's "Beethoven Matinées" will be three in number, beginning early in December. Besides several of the Pianoforte Sonatas, he proposes to play some Sonata Duos (piano and 'Cello;) also the Trio in E flat, op. 70, perhaps the great Trio in B flat, and the Septet, as arranged with clarinet, horn, &c.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB are preparing to give at least four of their classical and indispensable Chamber Concerts. We shall soon have particulars.

A Philadelphia paper, speaking of Mr. Eichberg's "Doctor of Alcantara," falls into a marvellous confusion of ideas, when it says:

Since the appearance of the enthusiastic encomiums, lavished upon the composer and his work by the critics of his neighborhood—not to mention the immaculate Mr. Dwight, who does not like "*L'Africaine*," but who sees great merit in the *Doctor of Alcantara*, we have been expecting to discover in Mr. Eichberg our American Rossini.

A jewsharp is a trifle compared to an oratorio or a grand opera; but may not the trifle be a pretty one, commendable as such, and the ambitious opera a failure?

Mr. HUGO LEONHARD has postponed his return to Boston until the 26th of November.

NEW HAMPSHIRE AND VERMONT MUSICAL CONVENTIONS. The Fifth Annual New Hampshire State Musical Convention will "hold forth" at Eagle Hall, Concord, during the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th days of January, 1867. Superior Boston talent is largely engaged as follows: Conductors: Messrs. Carl Zerrahn and L. H. Southard; Soloists: Mrs. H. M. Smith, Soprano; Miss Addie S. Ryan, Contralto; James Whitney, Tenor; M. W. Whitney, Bass. Pianists: Mrs. Martha Dana Shepard, of Holderness, and William Graves, Salisbury, N.H. Concerts are to be given on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings. Orchestral accompaniments

during the last day and at the closing concert will be furnished by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. "The Offering" and Handel's "Creation" are the principal text books for the vocalistic throng. Twelve hundred singers attended the predecessor of this convocation of music lovers last year. As a commendable growth of interest in music is shown at the present time, an immense crowd may safely be anticipated.

The Seventeenth Annual five days Convention of the Western Vermont Musical Association recently came off in the spacious Town Hall at Rutland with great eclat, an unusual quantity of professional and native amateur talent preventing any flagging in the interesting exercises of the harmonious gathering. "The Creation" was successfully produced, at the last of three successive concerts, Friday night, October 19th, to a crowded and appreciative house. Mrs. H. M. Smith, of Boston, sang "On mighty pens" and "With verdure clad" with thrilling effect, and ably sustained her well-earned reputation throughout the entire oratorio. Mr. J. E. Perkins of Boston, Basso Profondo, won laurels by his rich voice and artistic rendering of classical music. The tenor recitatives were executed by Mr. Wm. F. Leavitt, of Brandon. The sublime work of Haydn, as performed by six hundred and sixty powerful, thoroughly-trained voices, has never been surpassed out of the "Tri-Mountain City." It reflected great credit upon Conductor W. O. Perkins, also of Boston, who had entire charge of the culminating concert. Miss Addie S. Ryan of Boston was greatly applauded and repeatedly encored by zealous admirers of her songs and cavatinas, as was Mrs. Smith for her matchless efforts in the same line. Conductor L. O. Emerson was deservedly as popular as ever for his efficient and pains-taking direction of genuine sacred music. Beautiful accompaniments and taking instrumental gems were liberally furnished by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. Advertised Soloists not mentioned above, comprised J. T. Newell, of Ogdensburg, N. Y., Tenor; Rev. C. N. Thomas, of Fort Covington, N. Y., Basso; S. C. Moore of Burlington, and J. E. Perkins, pianists; all of whom, especially the pianists, were equal to their trying positions. H. A. Lyon of Shelburn, and I. M. Tripp, of New Haven, Vt., were respectively re-elected President and Treasurer. Expenses, amounting to \$1000, were more than met by receipts of \$1,300. "Last but not least," a new one dollar a year State monthly, called "The Vermont Musical Journal," published by H. L. Story, of Burlington, was recommended to the patronage of "Green Mountain" musicians, by the Committee on Resolutions.

The Northern Vermont Musical Association held its second Convention in the Congregational church at Bakerfield, Vt., Oct. 23rd 24th, 25th and 26th, closing with a quite largely patronized concert Friday evening. Conductor H. S. Perkins, of Boston and Springfield, proved himself a worthy member of a family of eight well-known musicians, by beating time with marked precision, and skillfully transforming "raw recruits" into excellent singers, through unintermitted good instruction. Mr. Perkins is a superior composer of touching ballads and "echoing" quartets, as well as a reliable tenor. His "Learning a foreigner to read," duet, (Parry) with Mrs. D. C. Hall, of Boston (Soprano at Rev. Dr. F. D. Huntington's "Emanuel Church" and the Convention prima donna) was enthusiastically encored at both concerts. Mr. Julius E. Perkins acceptably officiated as Pianist and Basso. Mrs. Hall (a native of Vermont, and composer of the universally known (?) "Birdie looking out for me," and other popular ballads) achieved success at a bound by her fine mezzo-soprano organ and true rendering of grave, pathetic and floridly brilliant music. Many amateurs of both sexes did well in concert songs, duets, &c. The Third (Second Annual) Convention will be holden

in Franklin County, probably at St. Albans, during the early part of next January. G. W. F.

PHILADELPHIA. Meyerbeer's *L'Etoile du Nord* seems to have made the best hit of any of the operas presented by Maretzek's troupe. It was given on the 22nd ult., and afterwards repeated. The *Bulletin* says:

As it was sung, acted and put upon the stage last evening, we can recall nothing in our operatic annals equal to it. The scenery, the stage appointments and the costumes were very fine; the stage was frequently crowded, presenting most picturesque tableaux, and the general execution of the opera, by the chief artists, the chorus and the orchestra, was excellent.

Miss Kellogg has a long and most difficult role, as "Catarina," and she has done nothing here that has pleased so much, or given so favorable an idea of her powers as a stage singer and a musician. She was repeatedly and warmly applauded. The young, fresh voice and the pleasant bearing of Miss Hauck showed also to much advantage in the part of "Pras-covia," and she, too, was heartily received. Signor Antonucci, in the important part of "Peter," showed himself the thorough artist. His voice is rich, warm, sympathetic and manly, and his method is very pure, and strikingly free from some of the common faults of the modern school, such as extravagant loudness and exaggeration of manner. Signor Bellini, as the Calmuck chief, "Gritzenko," was picturesque in appearance, and capital in singing and acting. His drill of the little squad of recruits was excessively droll. Signor Baragli made an admirable "Danilowitz." His voice is remarkably beautiful in quality, and he sings in the very purest Italian style. His acting is always intelligent and graceful, and the judicious recognize in him a true artist. But because he has not great power and does not "cry aloud and spare not," after a manner much in vogue, he is undervalued by the promiscuous crowd. He is, however, a most valuable member of the company.

There are several minor parts in this opera of considerable interest, and they were cleverly sustained last evening by Mmes. Fleury and Ricardi, and Messrs. Banfi, Reichardt, Voelden and Mancini. Oct. 24.—The performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*, last evening, at the Academy of Music, was very heartily enjoyed. Senora Poch acted with great power, and sang the music extremely well, though occasionally her intonation was imperfect. Mme. Natale-Testa made a capital "Orsini," and was encored in the drinking song. Signor Antonucci was magnificent as the Duke, and "Mazzoleni's" "Gennaro" was a splendid personation, musically as well as dramatically. The subordinate parts were well sustained, and the orchestra and chorus were excellent.

Oct. 26.—The performance of *L'Elisir d'Amore*, last evening, was unequal. Ronconi was, of course, surpassingly droll as "Dr. Dulcamara." So artistic a representation of the Italian quack doctor has never been seen. It is better than that he gave here years ago, for he has added many new points, and refined the personation to absolute perfection. The audience was convulsed with laughter nearly all the time he was on the stage. Signor Baragli makes a most excellent "Nemorino," singing with consummate skill and taste, and acting gracefully and with spirit. His delicious voice is exactly adapted to the music of the role, and it appeared to especial advantage in the romance, *Una furtiva lagrima*, which he sang charmingly. Signor Antonucci made an excellent Sergeant Belcore. Mlle. Ronconi can scarcely be said to have made a successful debut. She has a pleasing presence and an intelligent manner. Her musical knowledge is good and she appears to sing well. But her voice, last evening, was rarely audible, whether from nervousness or weakness, it is impossible to say. It entirely failed to fill the house. Perhaps in a smaller theatre and after longer experience she may become a popular opera singer.

Oct. 27.—*Ernani* was very finely given at the Academy of Music, last evening. Mme. Carmen Poch, Bellini, Mazzoleni and Antonucci all distinguished themselves, and the various ensemble pieces were splendidly sung. The finale of the third act was so well done that it had to be repeated. To-day *Crispino* is to be repeated, for a matinee. On Monday evening *Faust* will be produced in splendid style, and on Tuesday Meyerbeer's *Star of the North* will be repeated, to gratify the universal desire of those who have heard it. Wednesday the *Huguenots* will be produced, with a powerful cast. Great desire is felt to hear Miss Hauck in another leading role and there is a probability that at the matinee of next Saturday, she may appear as *Lucia*, a role in which she is sure to succeed.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Voyage. Song.	Mendelssohn.	30
The Woods. " "	" "	30
An old Romance. " "	" "	40

Three songs in the Master's own elevated and elegant style. "The Voyage" is, perhaps too grandiose a title for the first, which embodies the thoughts suggested by a sail upon a river. The last song is a curious combination of three popular ballads, the first containing the appeal of a lover, the second the flight, wanderings and sad and lonely death, the third describing two graves under a linden, where two other lovers are sitting in the twilight, and weep,—they know not why.

Zara of Alhama. Andalusian Song.	J. C. J.	30
A romance of the Alhambra, with a peculiar but beautiful melody.		

Spring song.	F. Boott.	40
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The Rose upon the Balcony.	" "	40
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By our Florence musician, who shows a rare taste in the selection of his text, and a rare talent in fitting it to music.

If you love me, say so. Song.	A. B. Hoag.	30
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Fine words, with a pretty and easily singable melody.

On the Bay of fair Salerno. Ballad.	Tentiti.	30
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A charming semi-comic Neapolitan lay.

The Elf of the Rose. Song.	J. L. Hatton.	30
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Fine song by Hatton.

Instrumental.

Merry tunes for young performers.	M. Holson, ea.	20
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Tyrolean Maiden song.

Garibaldi's Hymn.

So early in the morning, and Bob Ridley.

Echoes des Alpes.

Kitty Patterson.

Logie O' Buchan.

Santa Lucia.

A portion of the tunes of this set, which is an excellent one for beginners.

La Tradita. Valse Sentimentale.	Krug.	40
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Hymne la Nuit. (Desert).	" "	40
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Very tasteful and pleasing. The first is an arrangement of Ardit's Waltz.

Hurly-burly Galop.	Carl Faust.	30
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Full of vim and spirit. Just suited to the jollities of a fancy ball.

Wm. Tell. Fantasia brillante. Op. 82.	Leybach.	1.00
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Contains the most striking airs of this brilliant opera, very skillfully combined. Not especially difficult.

Over Land and Sea. Waltzes.	Gung'l.	40
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Very jovial and of hearty brilliancy.

Eleanor waltz.	O. Metna.	50
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En avant march. Four hands.	Bellak.	35
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